Pat as I told you; yonder ſhe comes. *Enter Thisbie.*

Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me.
My cherry lips haue often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones with lime and haire knit now againe.

Pyra. I ſee a voice; now will I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby?*

Thiſ. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

Pir. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Louers grace,
And like *Limander*, am I truſty ſtill.

Thiſ. And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

Pir. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was ſo true.

Thiſ As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir. O kiſſe me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thiſ. I kiſſe the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* toomb meete me ſtraightway?

Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus haue I *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth goe.

Du. Now is the Moon vſed betweene the two neighbors.

Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are ſo wilfull, to heare without warning.

Dutch. This is the ſillieſt ſtuffe that ere I heard.

Duke. The beſt in this kinde are but ſhadowes, and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Dutch. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Duke. If wee imagine no worſe of them then they of themſelues, they may paſſe for excellent men. Heere come two noble beaſts, in a man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon and Moone-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle hearts do feare
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lyon rough, in wildeſt rage doth roare.
Then know that I, as *Snug* the ioyner am

A Lyon fell, nor el
For if I ſhould, as
Into this place, t'w
Duke. A very ge
Deme. The very
Lyſ. This Lyon
Duke. True, and
De. Not ſo my l
eretion; and the F
Duke. His diſ
For the Gooſe car
diſcretion, and let
Moon. This lant
Deme. He ſhoul
Duk. He is no cr
in the circumferen
Moone. This la
My ſelfe, the man i
Duke. This is th
ſhould be put into
i'th Moone?
Dem. He dares
For you ſee, it is al
Dutch. I am wea
Duke. It appeares
is in the wane: bu
the time.
Lyſand. Proce
Moone. All that
thorne is the Moo
buſh, my thorne b
Deme. Why al
they are in the Mo

Th. This is old M